



**I AM MADE OF
SARCASM AND
HOMOSEXUALITY**

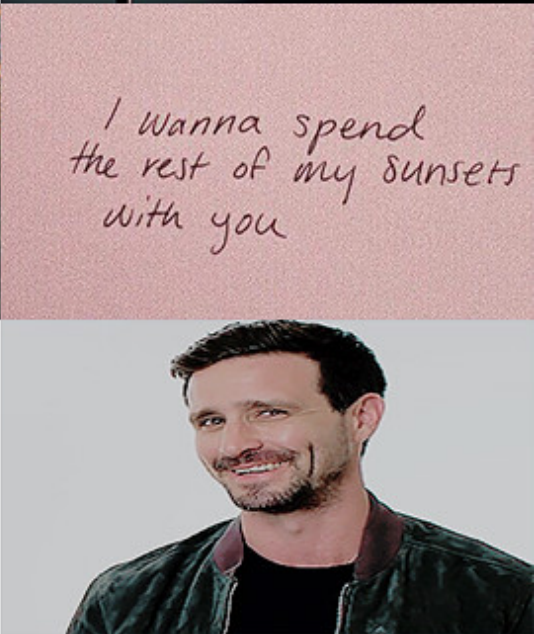


*I wanna spend
the rest of my sunsets
with you*

you're annoying

but you love me

doesn't make you less
annoying



All's well that ends well (to end up with you) by OfTheDirewolves

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Summary:

A year after defeating Pennywise the Losers decide to go away for the weekend.

Shenanigans happen.

Featuring: Stand up comedy, 1 hammock, 2 gay disasters, 4 scheming bisexual Losers, and Ben who's never done anything wrong in his life.

All's well that ends well (to end up with you)

Author's Note:

- For [plinys](#).

So this is a little late... by like a month or so (In my defense I was sick for a lot of November)

but I posted before 2020 so that's good!

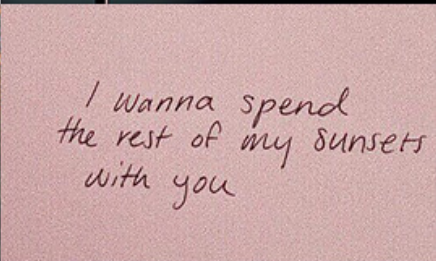
Thank you to both Kate & Annie for looking this over and holding my hand while I wrote it

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Jess, I love you deeply and I'm forever thankful for our friend so I really hope you enjoy this... whatever this is



**I AM MADE OF
SARCASM AND
HOMOSEXUALITY**



you're annoying

but you love me

doesn't make you less
annoying



Everything was over. The nightmare that lasted 27 years was over. They almost couldn't believe it. What the fuck were they supposed to do now?

When you've lived 27 years under the shadow of a nightmare what do you do when you see the light?

That was the question that plagued all seven members of the Losers Club as they emerged from the hospital. Where they had gotten called out for the fact that they had jumped into dirty water and swam for a bit instead of coming directly to the hospital.

In their defense, they had just defeated a murderous alien-clown. He was gone — for good this time.

But it brought up an important question.

What the fuck were they supposed to do now? Were they supposed to just return to their lives as if nothing had happened? Neither Bev nor Eddie had real homes, Bill wasn't in the best place with his wife, Mike had never left Derry, Richie's apartment wasn't exactly home, Ben's was too empty and Stan's? Well, actually Stan had a pretty good life.

One out of seven had a mostly good life — what were those odds?

But was Stan supposed to just go home to Patricia and be like hey honey I'm home from defeating an evil clown?

Something told Richie that wouldn't go down well.

They were all just sitting in the living room of their creepy hotel, staring into space.

Eddie had just been released from the hospital and the cast on his

arm made Richie think of when they were younger.

Maybe someone should write Los(v)er on it — to make it accurate. His cheek had stitches and they weren't sure if it would scar. Honestly, he was attractive to Richie either way. And that had always been the problem wasn't it?

Richie was never going to fall out of love with his best friend.

He lived for 27 years not knowing about Eddie (even if he'd always felt like something was missing from his life). How was he supposed to just deal with having Eddie back in his life? Not that he'd choose the alternative. Because his life was always better when Eddie was in it.

How was he supposed to pretend like he's not stupidly in love with Eddie?

"Richie! Richard! I asked you a question," Bev said pulling him out of his thoughts.

"Yes, Beverly I would run off with you no questions asked," Richie answered.

"Well, I appreciate that Trashmouth but that wasn't what I asked," Bev retorted.

"So you're not leaving Ben for me? I'm crushed, truly," Richie teased Bev and he could see Eddie and Stan rolling their eyes out of the corner of his eye.

"You'll survive," Bev said.

"I guess I must — okay so what was the question?"

“What are you going to do next?” Mike asked.

“Beats me, probably go back to LA — see if I still have an agent or get a new agent,” Riche said, “Haven’t really thought past *holy shit I’m alive*. ”

“I’m going to go to Florida,” Mike said.

“I need to go back so Patricia doesn’t worry,” Stan added.

“I should figure out my ending and try to make things right with Audra,” Bill muttered.

“No more shitty endings please,” Richie joked and Bill threw a cushion at him.

“I’ll try.”

“Do or do not, there is no try,” Richie said.

“That was absolutely terrible,” Eddie responded.

“Please you know you missed my impressions, Eduardo,” Richie said putting an arm around him. Eddie takes the arm off his neck.

“You wish asshole.”

Oh, but he did . Richie wished that Eddie felt the same way — that they could be like Ben and Bev, reunited after all this time. But that’s not the case, is it?

Maybe the whole almost dying should have made him braver, maybe in another world, he’d show Eddie the spot where he carved their initials all those years ago. But the truth is that Richie just got him back. He’s not prepared to lose him. So he stayed quiet.

The group went their separate ways, only keeping in touch through the group chat. Stanley went back to his wife and then introduced

her to his friends. Richie thought she was pretty amazing honestly, Stan was a lucky guy.

Mike started out in Florida and then went on a trip to multiple places in the United States.

Bill managed to finish a new book with an actually good ending — and the movie was good too. He invited Richie since they were both in LA at the time. He and Audra are working through couples' counseling. But Richie isn't completely sure it's going to work.

Eddie went back to New York and divorced his wife, he and Richie kept in contact. They saw each other from time to time but nothing major happened. Richie was still too much of a coward to admit anything and Eddie was trying to rebuild his life.

Bev got a divorce and managed to get her company back. Then she and Ben set out into their new life together with a dog. Being perfectly happy. And annoying Richie every time they're in LA.

And Richie? Richie fired his agent when the asshole told him his plans for rebranding Richie's image. It was some hetero macho man bullshit and Richie was not going down that road any longer. No — he wanted to be honest for once.

So he'd taken a meeting with one of Bev's agent friends and they had immediately clicked. She'd agreed with Richie on his idea of going on hiatus and then coming back stronger than ever — and with his own material.

Life went on and murderous clowns were in the past. The anniversary was coming up.

And Bill — because of course, it's Bill, Richie loves the guy but the crazy ideas always come from him — decided that they should rent a house in the mountains. Because what could go wrong right?

Richie had tried to get out of it by saying his new Netflix special was filming during those days. But that ended up screwing him over. Because Bev — wonderful Bev who he normally loved — suggested they all meet up to see Richie's triumphant return. And from there they'd head to Bill's Cabin/Mountain idea.

It's not that Richie wasn't planning to invite them — he was. He was just hoping that by the time he did, they would have other plans. The thing was that this was basically his debut. His act was entirely his own stuff, no more telling other people's jokes. And if that was scary enough in front of strangers, *it was terrifying* in front of his best friends, which included the man he's still stupidly in love with.

Cool. Cool. Cool. Cool. Cool. Cool. Cool. Cool. Cool. Cool.

Then his agent smiled at him and told him it was time.

It's too late to back out now right?

He doesn't realize he said that out loud until Veronica slapped him on the back of the head.

"Yes it is — you know this shit okay? So go out there and rock it."

Easier said than done.

But he put on his smile and went out on stage.

"Hello, Chicago! I'm Richie 'Trashmouth' Tozier."

He waited for the cheers to die down to continue.

"We have a great show for you tonight! But before we get into it — we do have to acknowledge the elephant in the room. Otherwise known as the reason half of you are here. You want to see what other crazy things I'll say or do."

"I am not dead — as you can see unless I'm a ghost and damn would that make things interesting," Richie said to laughs around the room, "The very first ghost comic! I can already see the spotlights!"

"But no I'm not a ghost and I'm not on drugs either — no, drugs would have been a lot more fun."

The auditorium laughed.

"But don't do drugs and all that!" Richie smiled, "No the truth is that I got an upsetting phone call that made the food I'd eaten beforehand comeback and I kind of lost sight of where I was... It's dreadfully boring really — but the truth usually is."

Well, part of the truth — it's not like he could say *I went to my hometown to kill a murderous alien clown with the rest of my friends.*

"Why did it take me so much time to come back to stage if it was really nothing?" Richie asked, "I wanted to make sure the next time you saw me it was really me."

"So the first thing I did was fire my agent and then I wrote and it took me a year to get it right," Richie admitted, "But here we are, Richie Tozier, Back in Action."

Richie smiled and then caught a glimpse of his friends and smirked.

"First of all — who here has hot friends," Richie asked and there was nervous laughter, "Don't worry, I don't want you to introduce me... I'm asking because well you know how every friend group has that one or two hot friends right?"

The laughter started again.

"I can guarantee you — everyone here just thought of their hot friends," Richie joked, "Well I for one don't have one or two hot friends — I have 6 of them. I'm not even kidding. If it sounds like I'm bragging it's cause I am. *Just a bit*, because they're all supermodels."

He threw the group a glance and saw Bev cheering. God he loved her.

“When we were kids, only 3 of us could truly be considered cute. Which is normal because kids are a mess, especially around the time puberty starts. But the point is that most of us were normal-looking, cut to 27 years later and they are all fucking supermodels and my first thought is What the fuck happened to me?”

That got him huge laughs in the audience.

“I’m not being self-deprecating it’s an honest question, was there something in the water I missed out on? Why do they look like supermodels while I ended up this lanky gay comedian with bad eyesight?”

The crowd that was originally laughing suddenly stopped.

“Yeah guess you didn’t see that one coming did you?” Richie asked sparing a look at his friends.

Stan looked unsurprised as always, Bev and Ben looked proud and they were cheering and whooping, Mike looked slightly shocked, Bill was laughing like he couldn’t believe Richie had chosen this moment to come out to everyone, but he was clapping along with Ben, Bev and the rest.

He very specifically did not look at Eddie — he was too much of a coward to look.

“Yeah you heard me right, I Richie Tozier am 100% pure homosexual energy — which can’t really come as much of a shock. No one that has made the jokes I did has ever truly had sex with a woman. I

wouldn't even know where to start."

That got a bit more honest laughter.

"I don't know what you were all expecting when you got tickets to this but I'm sure it wasn't this — when I was writing up my act I went to Veronica, my all too patient agent, and I said what if I come out during this."

Richie smiled remembering, "She turned to me, quirked an eyebrow and said Richie your reputation is so in the gutter that I don't think this would affect it either way — and with that shining approval I went like why not."

"So this is me I'm here and I'm queer," Richie said with a smile as the auditorium filled with cheers. His friends were standing up and cheering with the rest of the people. Richie couldn't think of a better moment.

"Okay now that's done with, who wants to talk about puzzles and those who actually like doing puzzles and more importantly — why are they so intense," Richie said.

The rest of the show went well, at least he thought so — he's sure Veronica will give him the truth later. And in a month or so it will be on Netflix and then the rest of the world will know.

Ironically enough that doesn't scare Richie as much as it used to.

Take that Pennywise!

"Well our time has come to an end, so I must bid you adieu," Richie

said making one of his famous impressions, “ — thank you Chicago you were a great crowd!”

With that, he walked off the stage and saw Veronica’s surprised look.

“You know when you said I think I’m going to come out on stage I thought you were mostly joking,” Veronica said.

“To be fair up until I did it I thought I was mostly joking as well,” Richie added.

“Either way I’m proud of you,” Veronica said giving him a hug.

“On a scale of one to 10 how much of a disaster was that?” Richie asked.

“There were a few jokes that definitely did not land and you’ll have to work on those but I’d say for the most part it went well.”

“It was good enough?”

“We have to wait for it to air on Netflix but I think it was good enough,” Veronica said.

“We’re back baby!”

“Your friends are waiting for you in your dressing room,” Veronica said before heading off...

Richie gulped.

This was the hardest task of the night.

His friends finally knew everything about him (well almost everything).

He walked in with his hands in his pockets to see all of them waiting

in the dressing room. Bev was sitting on the vanity with Ben next to her. Stan and Patricia were talking to Mike. Eddie was near the back looking at his phone.

Bill was the first to notice him and hugged him tightly.

“You are insane and I’m so proud of you,” Bill said.

“Yeah well go big or go home right?” Richie said.

“You do realize when this comes out on Netflix your coming out is going to be a gif right?” Stan asked

“It’s all I ever wanted,” Richie joked, putting a hand over his heart.

“Please don’t make the title a terrible pun about coming out,” Eddie said.

“Why Eddiekins I would never!” Richie exclaimed and Eddie smiled.

“I can’t believe you didn’t warn us,” Bev said putting an arm around him.

“Well I have to keep some of the mystery,” Richie joked, “Is that really all you guys have to say?”

“About you being gay?” Stan asked and Richie nodded, “Oh please I knew since we were like 10?”

Bill, Ben and Bev nodded.

Well, Bill and Bev had known for sure. Way back when Bev had been the only one he’d come out to. After everything, it was no surprise that Ben would know.

Bill had implied that he knew after they’d reunited. That was the thing about living near Bill. There were a lot of dinners together.

Eddie hadn't said anything and Richie was trying not to fret about it.

Richie turned to see Patricia and Mike.

“I knew the first night we met,” Patricia admitted.

“It’s true — she asked after you’d left,” Stan said.

After everything had happened, Richie had visited Stan a few times over the course of the year. The first was about a month after they had left Derry. He’d kept having nightmares about Eddie and Stan dying.

Bev had been out to sea with Ben so he hadn’t been able to go to her. So he’d gone to the source. Stan had given him a knowing look that Richie hadn’t wanted to decipher at the time.

“Yeah I knew too,” Mike said.

“So basically what you’re saying is that everyone knew?” Richie asked.

“Sorry to burst your bubble Trashmouth— we love you either way,” Bev said giving him a kiss on the cheek.

“Okay we should get out of here before we get locked in — I think we’ve dealt with too much creepy shit in life to deal with a haunted building.”

“This building isn’t haunted,” Eddie said.

“It totally is Eds.”

“Don’t call me that,” Eddie said.

The next morning everyone was ready to go bright and early. Well, Stan had already seen Patricia off to the airport and headed back to the hotel. So right now they were just waiting for Mike and Eddie to come down so they had set off.

Richie still thought this was a terrible idea but he'd been overruled.

"It's too fucking early to be awake," Richie complained as he sat down next to Bev in the hotel's Starbucks.

"It's 7 am it's early but not that early," Bev pointed out.

"I wake up at 7 every day," Ben said as he arrived at the table with coffee for Bev and Richie.

"Oh this is so good — why are you so perfect Ben?," Richie muttered into his coffee, "You know if you ever get tired of Bev here I would totally throw my hat in the ring."

"I appreciate that Richie," Ben smiled as he blushed, Bev just rolled her eyes.

"He wakes up at 7 every day to go running," Bev pointed out and Richie gasped.

"Why would you do that to yourself? Bev, I don't think your boyfriend is human," Richie said and Bev laughed.

"It relaxes me," Ben said.

"You know there are some better ways of getting exercise and relaxing right?" Richie said with a wink.

"Oh here we go," Eddie said hearing the last part of the conversation, "It's too early for your jokes."

"That's not what your mom used to say," Richie remarked hearing groans from the rest of the group.

That's when Bill, Stan, and Mike arrived at where the group was sitting.

"So are we ready to go?" Bill asked.

"I still think it's a terrible idea," Richie complained.

"It's a gorgeous house in the mountains! And it has room for all of us — it's going to be fun!" Bill exclaimed.

"We survived a murderous clown! Why do you want us to complete even more horror tropes?" Richie asked.

"We need to make new memories," Bill pointed out.

"Fine — but I'm choosing next year's place and it's not going to be any creepy houses."

"You don't even know the house," Eddie said.

"But I know us and I know our luck," Richie added.

"Okay, we're already we've got two cars how are we splitting up?" Mike asked.

"Ben is driving in one and Richie and I are going with him," Bev said.

"Anyone want to volunteer to drive the second car?" Bill wondered.

"Not Eddie," Richie joked.

"I can drive," Eddie said.

"You literally crashed your car," Richie reminded him.

"Hey, that was technically on Mike okay?"

"Hey!" Mike exclaimed.

"You're too tightly wound to drive long distances," Richie said.

Stan groaned and looked the same way he always did when Richie and Eddie argued over any stupid thing.

"Bill and Mike can take turns driving, Eddie can go with them. I'm going to with Ben and Bev because I don't want to drive," Stan said making the decision for everyone.

If they let Richie and Eddie continue arguing they would never leave. Plus this way they can talk to Richie alone.

Richie looked at Stan like he knew exactly what Stan was thinking and gulped. Oh, fuck it.

“That sounds like a good plan to me — Should we coordinate our stops or just meet at the house?” Bill asked.

“It’s probably simpler to just meet at the house,” Ben pointed out.

And so they set out in their respective vehicles.

They had been driving for a long time. For all he complained, Stan had driven for the first 3 hours (listening to Stan’s terrible playlist on Apple Music), and then Bev had driven for another 3 (and she’d reclaimed the radio for Spotify — because Bev was brilliant). And now they had stopped to eat before setting off on the 2nd leg of the journey. Richie was sure that at any moment they were going to ask him about the elephant in the room.

They ended up at a burger place down the road and they all went inside.

“I needed to get out of that car — my legs were killing me,” Bev said as she took her seat and Ben sat right next to her.

“You’re literally the shortest person in the car Bev,” Richie pointed out.

“My point still stands,” Bev replied as the waitress came to take their drink order.

For a while, they talked about random things, the road, Stan and Patricia's trip to Argentina, Bill's crazy ideas. How Bill finally learned how to write an ending. Richie had to admit — his movie had been pretty good. Despite the fact that his life actually had been a horror movie for a while, Richie still had a soft spot for horror films.

Ben and Bev had talked about their trip on Ben's boat and how much they loved their dog. In their defense — it was a really cute dog. Richie loved him too.

They talked about so many random things that Richie put his guard down — and that's when it happened.

"So Rich — are you ever going to tell Eddie how you feel?" Bev asked and Richie pretty much choked on his drink.

"Smooth Tozier," Stan said clapping him on the back.

"I have no idea what you could possibly be referring to," Richie said playing dumb.

"Nothing other than the fact that you've been in love with Eddie since I've known you," Bev pointed out.

"Since before that probably — I'm almost certain that he's been in love with Eddie since we were around 10? Maybe earlier," Stan added and Richie glared at him.

Et Tu Stanley?

"I am not in love with Eddie," Richie muttered.

"Try it again — maybe more believable this time," Stan joked.

"It's been 27 years Richie, you should tell him," Bev said.

"That is the absolute last thing I should do," Richie said, "It would be a disaster."

“You never know — it worked for me,” Ben said and Richie slightly rolled his eyes. He loved Ben — truly he did. Ben was too good for this fucked up world.

“As far as I remember you guys didn’t admit to it until you were both basically about to possibly die,” Richie pointed out.

“Maybe but at least we said something rather than just keep wondering,” Bev said and grabbed Richie’s hand, “We’re truly happy for once in our lives and I want you to be happy as well Rich. You’re my best friend and I worry.”

“I’m sorry I just — I can’t,” Richie said feeling like a coward.

“Why not?” Stan asked.

“What if he doesn’t feel the same?” Richie admitted, “What if it makes him feel weird? What if he’s not gay? There are a thousand possible ways for this to go horribly wrong.”

“I’m pretty sure Eddie is not straight either I mean have you met the guy?” Stan said.

“What’s the worst that could happen?” Bev asked.

“He rejects me? He doesn’t want to see me again. Suddenly everything is awkward and I’ve lost the person that means the most to me in this entire stupid world? I lived without Eddie for 27 and even though I didn’t remember him it was like my soul knew something was missing. I missed him even when I didn’t remember him! If I fuck things up and Eddie doesn’t want anything to do with me? It would kill me. I’m sorry I can’t take that chance,” Richie said.

They hadn’t ordered the check yet but Richie knew what he’d ordered. So he paid his part of the bill and left money for the tip before practically sprinting out the door. He needed a smoke.

He’d technically quit. Eddie’s health speeches had gotten to him. But every now and then he’d get one when he was stressed. And this situation definitely counted as that.

All three of them were in loving and committed relationships. Richie wanted that more than anything in the world — and he wanted it with Eddie. But it wasn't that easy. There was a lot of baggage and he's not just talking about all the bags that Eddie took whenever he went out of town. There's nothing that says that Eddie is interested in him.

Eddie had saved him from the deadlights — it would have been the perfect moment to admit it. And he'd wanted to say the words. But then he'd remembered what he'd seen in the lights and moved Eddie out of the way. Pennywise didn't get to take Eddie away from him — and he didn't. But Eddie's arm had been broken again and when they made it out of the sewers Richie had gone with him to the hospital.

Richie had almost been brave.

Eddie had looked at him and smiled and Richie wanted to admit what he felt. He'd started to say the words when Eddie had mentioned his wife. It had been basically a bucket of cold water. Richie is under no illusions that Eddie loved his wife — they'd been divorced a few months after that. But it had still stopped Richie from admitting to anything.

He and Eddie were best friends and that's what they would always be.

He'd seen Eddie multiple times over the last year and he'd always managed to keep his feelings tucked up inside. This weekend would be no different.

He put out his cigarette and then took a mint out of his bag. He wasn't exactly fond of the aftertaste smoking left. A minute later the trio came out of the restaurant. Bev put her arms around him as they headed towards the car.

Ben was going to drive this time and Stan was going to take the passenger seat. Richie knew they were doing this for him so he just smiled and opened the door for Bev.

There truly was no one like Beverly Marsh in this universe and Richie was eternally lucky that she had decided to be his best friend. He loved all of the Losers (one in a very different way than the rest but that was not the point here) but his relationship with Bev was special.

She was his person. Just like he was hers.

And sometimes that was all that mattered.

Richie and Bev talked throughout the rest of the way before falling asleep the last 3 or 4 hours. And then they finally made it to the house. The other car was there so clearly the rest had already arrived.

Ben woke them up carefully.

“Are we there yet?” Bev asked groggily.

“Yeah we’re here,” Ben said and Bev turned to Richie who she was sleeping on top of.

“Richie wake up we’re here.”

“5 more minutes,” Richie muttered, eyes still closed.

“Richie you can’t sleep in the car we need to go into the house,” Bev said.

“Fine — if I get murdered I’m haunting all of you,” Richie said as they got down from the car.

The house was pretty gorgeous. It was the only one on the road, no neighbors, just a backyard that lead to a forest.

"It was about time you got here," Eddie said coming out of the house.

"Ben is a very careful driver," Richie said.

"How would you know were asleep almost the entire second half," Stan joked.

"Exactly — I was relaxed enough to sleep... You should all learn from Ben," Richie responded.

"Okay so tour and room arrangements," Bill said as they all came into the house, "Ben and Bev have the master bedroom on the third floor, then Stan and someone else have the other room on the third floor. I have on the single rooms on this floor and Rich you get the basement."

Bill had a mischievous smile when he said this and Richie rolled his eyes.

"The basement? So I can be murdered first? No thank you," Richie said.

"I mean you could switch with someone else," Bill replied with the same mischievous smile.

"I wouldn't mind staying in the basement — it could be an adventure," Stan smiled.

"There you have it , the basement is Stan's," Bill said.

"I call the other single room," Mike called out before Richie could say anything.

"I guess that means you and Eddie have the other room on the third floor," Bill smiled at Richie, "I should warn you — there's only one king-sized bed there. That's not a problem is it?"

One of these days he is going to most definitely murder William. *And*

he's going to fucking deserve it.

"No problem at all right Eds?" Richie asked trying to keep his composure.

"Don't call me that," Eddie said, "and yeah — for me there's no problem."

He was going to have to sleep in the same bed as Eddie Kaspbrak for an entire weekend. Why was this his life? He followed Bev and Ben out to the car to get their bags from the car. Once they were a safe distance away from the house Bev turned to him.

"You do realize he played you like a fiddle right?"

"It's his eyes! Fucking Denborough and his trusting eyes," Richie muttered.

"Are you going to be okay though?" Ben asked.

"Sleeping in the same bed as the person I'm in love with who doesn't know I'm in love with him? Yeah, I'll be fine," Richie muttered, "It's not like we've never slept in the same bed before."

Famous last words right?

The good news was that they were both too tired from the trip to do anything outside of just falling asleep. Well after Eddie gave him a rant about how he needed to wash his face and brush his teeth right before bed. It was highly domestic and Richie was living for it.

The next day started without any problem. They had decided early in the planning stages that it was going to be a relaxing weekend for everyone. That meant everyone was free to do whatever they liked, whether it was read by the deck, watch a movie by the chimney or play pool in the basement. Because yes there was a pool table in the basement. Richie thought that was just wild.

Not that anyone other than Bev knew how to play pool. Mike was a quick learner and Bill was good at bluffing. Stan was absolutely terrible. Eddie kept yelling to be careful with the balls because you know how much those can hurt you? Ben just liked watching Bev shark the rest.

The backyard was peaceful. You could access it from the door in the basement or the stairs from the deck on the ground floor. Richie was in exploration mode trying to find an answer among the trees. The rest were back at the house but Richie just needed a few moments to himself.

And there between two trees in the middle of the backyard was a hammock. Richie is 100% certain that some deity is laughing at him right now. Because of all the things that could be there — a hammock really?

And it's a *large* hammock for that matter.

Richie forced himself not to think about how both he and Eddie could fit in it. The way they used to fit in the hammock in the playhouse. Richie had a strange affection for hammocks.

Mostly because they reminded him of Eddie and their times together.

Bev would call this a sign and maybe it was. Maybe he should listen to what his friend said and tell Eddie how he felt. But how could he? How does one even start that conversation?

Hey, Eduardo remember all those jokes about fucking your mom? The truth is that the person I really wanted to fuck was you!

Somehow Richie didn't think that was going to go down well. He laid down on the hammock and looked at the sky — there were no trees in his line of view which meant it was a perfect place to watch the sunset.

He was even thinking like Ben now — that's what happened after that many hours in a car together.

"So this is where you're hiding," Eddie said.

"I'm not hiding — I'm just relaxing," Richie said.

"You're hiding," Eddie remarked and Richie snorted.

"You're one to talk."

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean?" Eddie asked and Richie wanted to scream it all. How Eddie pulled away whenever Richie got too close. Wanted to scream about the moment they never talk about.

Eddie had been in the hospital — they made him stay the night — and of course, Richie had stayed with him. He'd been so scared that Eddie was going to die and then he was okay. It seemed like a miracle.

They had both fallen asleep holding hands. It had been wonderful. The next day Eddie had pretended it hadn't happened. Richie had gotten the memo.

"Nothing Eds," Richie said getting down from the hammock.

"Don't call me that," Eddie said as they made their way back to the group.

"Richie! I beat them all!" Bev exclaimed as they came inside.

"I always knew you would!" Richie said giving her a hug.

"What do you say we drink these bastards under the table," Bev said putting an arm around Richie.

"Sounds good to me Bevvie," Richie said kissing the top of her head.

And so they did.

3 hours later, Ben was carrying Bev up the stairs up to their bedroom, Stan had left an hour before to get some rest, Bill and Mike had disappeared. Richie did not know where they were and he knew better than to ask.

He wasn't as drunk as the rest but still pretty drunk so going up the stairs wasn't particularly easy. He stumbled and heard a laugh behind him.

"Those legs too big for you trashmouth?" Eddie asked.

"I'm fine just — a lot of steps." Richie said as he got to the top of the steps, "See I made it."

"I see it."

They walk in silence until they're in their room. Eddie looked nervous like he didn't want to be alone in the room with him. Considering Eddie had barely been alone with him in the last year it didn't surprise him. All it did was make him sad. But he didn't want to think about it. He just wanted to sleep. So he was just going to get changed and get into bed. Try not to freak out over sleeping in the same bed as him.

He took off his shirt and then started working on taking off his pants.

"What are you doing?" Eddie asked.

"I'm getting ready for bed?" Richie asked confused.

“Here? You do realize the bathroom is down the hall?”

“It’s too far — I’m not going to walk all the way over there when I can just get changed here... besides, it’s not like this is the first time I’ve gotten changed in front of you.”

“It’s different,” Eddie muttered and Richie’s blood went cold.

“Why is it different?”

“You know why.”

“Oh... Right,” Richie muttered, suddenly feeling like crying. He should have seen this coming.

“Rich,” Eddie said reaching out to him but Richie stepped back.

“Don’t worry I won’t get my gay germs on you,” Richie said.

“That’s not — I didn’t,” Eddie said running a hand through his hair.

“Then what did you mean by it?” Richie wondered.

“I...”

“That’s what I thought,” Richie said and then grabbed his clothes and a blanket that was on the chair.

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going to sleep on the couch so as to not offend your delicate sensibilities.”

“Rich — that’s not..”

“It’s fine — I get it.”

He made his way down the couch and just dropped the clothes on the floor. He didn’t even finish getting dressed. He just laid down on the couch and put the blanket over himself. He knew some people weren’t going to like him when he came out — he just never expected Eddie to be one of them.

The next day was awkward — even for Richie’s standards. And he’s had a lot of awkward days. But not as awkward as this.

Eddie kept trying to talk to him and Bev was giving him pitying looks. Ben was being extra nice, Stan gave him knowing looks and Richie just wanted to get away from it all. It was so awkward he actually agreed to go hiking with Bill.

Who the fuck agrees to go hiking with Bill? Apparently, Richie, that’s who.

So now he’s sweating like a pig going up a hill with Bill fucking Denbrough. All because he wanted to get away from the house.

“Bill — Billiam! We need to stop... I’m going to die,” Richie said.

“You’re not going to die,”

“How do you know? I’m a gay! And I’m *hiking* and the sun is going to kill me. The sun is homophobic.”

“The sun is not homophobic you just have like no condition.”

“Did you not hear the part about being gay?”

“I’m bisexual and I’m pretty good shape Tozier — you can’t use that excuse with me.”

“That’s because you’re a freak of nature,” Richie complained.

“It’s so nice to see that you care,” Bill said putting a hand over his heart, “We’re almost there — the view is spectacular and then we can sit down.”

“Fine,” Richie said.

And sure enough, about 10 minutes later they reached their

destination. It was absolutely gorgeous. It was worth the hike, not that he'd admit that to Bill.

"Told you it was worth it," Bill said as they sat down.

"Whatever Bill."

"So are we going to talk about the elephant in the room."

"The fact that you and Mike clearly hooked up?" Richie retorted.

"A gentleman doesn't kiss and tell," Bill replied.

"What about Audra?"

"I signed the divorce papers a week ago."

"I'm sorry — why didn't you say anything?" Richie asked.

"I didn't want to make a big deal out of it — or steal your spotlight," Bill said, "I know how important that show was to you."

"You're important too."

"Thank you Richie — but you know that wasn't the elephant I was talking about."

"I'm gonna tell Mike you called him an elephant."

"Mike likes elephants," Bill retorted, "Stop stalling and tell me why you were sleeping on the couch."

"Well, apparently Edward has a problem with sleeping in a bed with a gay man."

That was the moment that Bill started cracking up. Richie just stared at him with a betrayed expression and then Bill started apologizing for laughing, even if he couldn't stop.

"I'm glad my heartbreak is so hilarious to you Billiam."

"I'm sorry it's just — how can someone so smart be so stupid."

"I never claimed to be smart," Richie protested.

"But you have eyes Rich — also I feel that if anyone should realize it... it's you."

"What are you even talking about?"

"Eddie is gay!"

"What? No!"

"Yeah, he is... very gay...how is it everyone knew but you?"

"Why didn't he tell me?" Richie asked.

"That I don't know."

"If he's gay then why did he make such a big deal about me undressing in the room."

"That's what happened?" Bill asked.

"Yeah — and when I brought up we'd seen each other changed a million times before he was like "it's different," Richie said slightly mocking.

That set Bill off laughing again.

"Stop laughing!"

"Richie, I love you man but you've got it all wrong."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm just saying maybe you should talk to Eddie — and actually *talk* to *him* — no jokes just honest conversation."

"What if it backfires and he never wants to see me again?"

"That's not going to happen," Bill said getting up and then pulled

Richie up.

“If it does I’m blaming you Denborough.”

Richie was nervous — why did he keep listening to Bill. Why did any of them listen to Bill? Bill literally walked them into an evil clown’s clutches! But he also got them out of them.

Anyway, the point is that Richie needed to stop listening to Bill. If he wanted to talk to Eddie he wanted to at least look good for it. But NO — apparently Billiam said that he was a flight risk or something. He literally closed the door in front of Richie. Stan and Mike were of no help. Bev just laughed at him — Ben at least looked sheepish.

Ben was the only valid friend he had.

So now Richie was a sweaty mess while walking to the hammock. He figured that’s where Eddie was hiding. He clearly wasn’t inside the house — so the hammock it was.

Richie’s hands were in his pockets when he made it to the hammock. And sure enough there he was.

“So this is where you’re hiding,” Richie said repeating his words to him.

“You’re done ignoring me?” Eddie asked.

“I — yeah,” Richie muttered, “But can you really blame me after...”

“I honestly didn’t mean it that way.”

“Yeah Bill pointed out I jumped to conclusions,” Richie said looking away.

“What did he say?” Eddie asked sitting up and facing him.

“He pointed out something important — like the fact that apparently there’s a very clear reason as to why my assumption was wrong.”

“Which is?”

“You’re gay.”

“I am,” Eddie admitted.

“Oh.”

“You didn’t know?”

“No, I didn’t know! You never told me!” Richie exclaimed.

“I thought it was obvious!” Eddie said standing up and getting in his face.

“Well, it wasn’t! Why didn’t you mention anything after the show?” Richie asked.

“I thought you knew and I didn’t know how to casually bring it up!”

“How about hey Richie you’re gay? Me too!” Richie retorted and Eddie just rolled his eyes.

And then Richie realized something, “Wait — why were you weird last night?”

“Are you serious?” Eddie asked incredulously.

“Yes, I’m serious.”

“You can’t be that dumb,” Eddie pointed out.

“Um hello I am Jared 19,” Richie joked.

Honestly, he wasn't sure what was going on but there was something in the air and it was making him nervous. Eddie was looking at him and Richie didn't know what to do — so he did what he always did. He made a joke.

And suddenly Eddie was kissing him — holy shit Eddie just kissed him. It took him a bit to react so Eddie pulled apart and looked embarrassed but before he could say anything Richie kissed him again. And holy shit it was euphoric. It was the best feeling in the world.

He's pretty sure he can hear the fireworks everyone is always talking about.

"Huh," Richie said as they pulled apart.

"That's really all you have to say?"

"What can I say Eds — you take my words away," Richie said.

"Don't call me that," Eddie says, but there's no bite in it.

"So wait you're telling me your weird expression last night was that you thought I was hot."

"I regret this entire conversation already."

"I always knew you wanted me for my body."

"Whatever helps you sleep at night Tozier."

"Dreams of you help me sleep at night," Richie said and Eddie laughed, "What I don't get is why you didn't say anything."

"You didn't say anything either," Eddie pointed out.

"Yes, but I repressed my feelings for 28 years I was never going to make the first move."

"I didn't think you were interested," Eddie said.

“Oh please — everyone else knew Eduardo,” Richie laughed.

“Well I’m not everyone else,” Eddie said.

“No, you’re not,” Richie said bringing him closer, “You’re my Eddie.”

“Nerd,” Eddie said as he laid down on the hammock making space for Richie to lay down as well.

“Just like old times,” Richie smiled.

“Just watch the sunset with me,” Eddie said and Richie laid down next to him putting an arm around Eddie.

“Why you old romantic,” Richie smiled.

“Shut up.”

“Hey, Eds?”

“Yeah?”

“I love you,” Richie admitted and Eddie smiled at him and gave him a soft kiss.

“I love you too.”

With that Eddie rested his head on Richie’s chest as they watched as the sun started to set.

It was a truly perfect moment.

They were going to have many more of those in the future.

But for now, they just watched the sunset in a hammock together.

And that was enough.

Author's Note:

This is my first attempt at writing for this fandom so be gentle, please...

Also, leave me some love in the comments if you liked it...